

went and entered a cavern. Then in went the dogs and he too. On and on he went till he came to where the underground people dwell, and there met with some of his old friends ; but they charged him to return and go home. So he returned and reported to his friends at home where he had been and what he had seen. And now his friends at home, who had been wondering where he had gone, asked him : " Is it really so, that you saw men like us there in the underground region ? " And he said, " Yes," and went on to give the names of some of them, and told how they had sent him back.

In another legend we have the story of another visit to those who dwell below, more minute and extended, which begins with telling how a man started out one morning, in the dew, to follow the trail of a porcupine that had wasted his garden. Being much excited, angry because of the loss he had suffered, when he came to the hole into which the porcupine had entered, he rushed in, saying, " I will go till I find it and kill it." Weapons in hand, yet without his dog, on and on he went. At first it was dark ; but when his eyes had got used to it he could see very well. At length he came to a pool, which he passed with some difficulty by the edge, and went on. When night came he lay down and slept till morning, then woke and went on, never doubting that if he persevered he would succeed and be satisfied. At length he came to a river, which he crossed, and continued his journey till, finally, he saw it began to grow light in front. Presently he began to hear dogs baying and children crying. Passing on, he came to a village, and saw smoke rising, and said : " Hau ! what place is this ? I must have come to a settlement." Whereupon he returned, walking backward, returning upon his path, and saying : " Let me not go to these people, for I do not know them ; perhaps they will kill me." So he fled, and went, day and night, recrossing the river and the pool he had crossed on his way inward, till finally he came out of the hole he had at first entered. And now he is greatly astonished to find that all things at the place where he has been are like to those here above—mountains, precipices, rivers and all. On going home, his appearance was an occasion of great surprise. His wife smote her hands together and cried. His neighbors rushed in and wondered, and again they shouted the funeral dirge. The woman said, " I have buried your kilt, pillow, dishes—everything that belonged to you save your mat and your blanket, and these I have burned, supposing you were dead." So he told them how he had been on a long journey to the "*Abapansi*," subterraneans, or *those who dwell below*—what he saw there, and why he came back.

These fanciful imaginings of the untutored Zulus remind us of the more studied productions of Virgil and Dante. They may not be so poetic or classical, but for a natural, truthful correspondence with their surroundings, mode of life, or mental and moral condition, it is not easy to see wherein the former would suffer in being compared with the latter. Dr. Callaway's suggestion is at least plausible, if not probable, that here, in